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No. CLXVII.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

TAKE CARE OF LITTLE CHARLEY.

A Farce in One Act.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c., &c.

AS PERFORMED AT WALLACK'S THEATER.

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THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ACTING EDITION.

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A Farce, in One Act.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and
the whole of the Stage Business

AS PERFORMED AT WALLACK'S THEATER.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by JOHN BROUGHAM, in the Clerk's office
of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

c 1858



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1858

CAST OF CHARACTERS.—[TAKE CARE OF LITTLE CHARLEY.]

Wallack's Theater, 1858.

<i>Little Charley</i>	Miss Viola Plunkett
<i>Mickey Fogarty</i>	Mr. Brougham
<i>Bunkers</i>	Mr. C. T. Parsloe, jr
<i>Mrs. Top Sawyer</i>	Mrs. Sloan
<i>Susan Sly</i>	Miss Mary Gannon

COSTUME.—Modern.

TAKE CARE OF LITTLE CHARLEY.

SCENE I.—*Apartment in the house of Mrs. T. SAWYER. A bed in alcove—wardrobe and bureau—all the appliances of an elegantly appointed establishment. A Parrot on stand near window.*

MRS. T. SAWYER *discovered preparing for a ball, elegantly dressed, attended by SUSAN.*

Mrs. T. That will do, Susan, thank you.

Susan. Well I should think it would, ma'am. It won't be your fault if some hearts doesn't ache at the ball to-night.

Mrs. T. Do you know, Susan, I am greatly disinclined to go now, especially as poor, dear little Charley is so very much indisposed.

Susan. Oh! depend upon me to take care of him, ma'am, and don't think of not going. I'm sure it will do you good.

Mrs. T. You're a kind girl, Susan, and I thank you for your friendly interest.

Susan. Oh, ma'am, indeed and indeed I think of nothing but how to serve you and my dear little pet. [A knock.]

Mrs. T. Go and see who that is, Susan.

Susan. [Goes to door.] If you please, ma'am, its Michael.

Mrs. T. Ah! Come in Michael.

Enter MICHAEL.

Well, Michael, what is it?

Michael. Indeed, an' if you'll b'leeve me, I hardly know, mam. It's a quare sort of a messige that a gintleman sint me up wid.

Mrs. T. What is it, pray?

Mich. Faix, and saving yer presince he bid me say that he's ready for to scorch you, mam, and bedad its a murdherin' hot sort of a chap he must be, intirely, I'm thinkin'.

Mrs. T. Escort me, I presume he said?

Mich. Faith, maybe it was, mam! Sure there isn't a dale of differ.

Mrs. T. Hush! don't talk so loud. Little Charley is asleep. But, gracious me! what a terribly dirty state you are in, Michael?

Mich. Indeed an' I ax pardon for obthrudin myself in the pickle that I am, but as you were going out, my lady, and as I knew that

there would be nobody at home but Susan and me, I thought I might as well kill the night-time wid cleanin' around a bit. Sure its aisier to work than to stand idle.

Mrs. T. Well now, that's really very thoughtful of you. Why, Susan, I see you have furnished yourself with employment also?

Susan. Oh, Yes, ma'am, it will keep my eyes from getting weary.

Mrs. T. So it will. Must give me my shawl—I mustn't keep my cavalier waiting.

Susan. Beg pardon, ma'am, but you ~~wasn't~~ locked up your bureau drawer or your wardrobe, or anything.

Mrs. T. Oh, it doesn't matter.

Susan. 'Scuse me, ma'am, but character is everything to us poor domestics, and it's better that there can be no doubt upon the subject.

Mrs. T. Well, as you will. Now, mind, I depend on you both to take care of the house, and above all things be sure to give little Charley his medicine exactly at the time specified.

Susan. Oh, certainly ma'am.

Mrs. T. Michael, I regret to say I shall have to ask you to stay up very late, for these people keep terrible hours, and I know I shall not be able to get away from them.

Mich. Sure an' if it was for three weeks time, the devil a wink would come on me, mam, much less only an hour or two.

Mrs. T. An hour or two? You needn't expect me back before three o'clock.

Mich. Oh! further!

Mrs. T. Do't you think you can keep awake so long?

Mich. Well, I'm dubious, mam. If it was in the day time I could manage it legant, but the sleep's heavy-handed wid me in the dark night.

Mrs. T. Howerer I'm sure you will try?

Mich. Bedad you may say that mam.

[*Exeunt* MRS. T., and MICHAEL, L. H.]

Susan. She won't be back till three o'clock—that's what I call beautiful; and now, if Little Charley will only be good enough to sleep sound, we can have a bit of a spree and no mistake. The hall door opens—there she goes! Now then to tittivate a bit.

Re-enter MICHAEL, L.

Mich. She's off, Susey. Is the young 'un fast?

Susan. All right.

Mich. I say, Susey, has the governor left any of his duds behind when he went out of town? What a pity we haven't a kay or two!

Susan. It is a pity, ain't it? [*Showing keys.*] Do you think I don't know my business? Did you get the tickets for the ball I asked you for?

[*SUSAN unlocks wardrobe.*]

Mich. You may say that, Susey. Here hey are: "No. 2-40 Hose," whatever that means; "Select Ball: no improper characters admitted." Hollo! "Tickets, fifty cents apiece." Be the pipers, but here's a find; an illegant dress coat, an' all the materials ready to my fist. It won't do them a bit of harm to air them awhile.

Susan. Not a bit. And look, here's my lady's last new dress. I'll do her the honor to take the first shine out of it.

Mich. Hollo! what the mischief's this? It's a full-grown skeleton, I b'leeve. Give us the hair-grease, Susey, and some scent. Hurroo! Violint, as I've a nose. That's the stuff to make a walking nosegay of a fellow.

Susan. I'll just run and get ready, while you do the same; I won't be long. [Exit.]

Mich. That will be wonderful! I can't get the hang of this white handkerchief. ~~Wh-eg-n!~~ I'm as dry as a box of red herrins. Who knows but one of my keys might open this. [Opens *gardevine*.] Well, now, isn't that strange? I wouldn't wonder if it was brandy that was in it. Bedad! I'm quite right—it is—an' more betoken, mighty fine brandy it is. Here's long life to the locksmith's daughters, for, by the powers, there's a great family resemblance between them all. Be jabers, an' won't I be the dandy at the select hall to-night!

[Takes hair-brushes, &c.]

LITTLE CHARLEY looks from alcove.

Charley. Oh, good gracious! there's that Michael with ma's hair brushes; and I do believe he's got pa's coat on. Oh! what fun!

Mich. [With *cologne*.] Bedad, I think this stuff is intended to be taken inwardly, from the taste of it. [Drinks.]

Char. Won't you let me have a little?

Mich. Oh, murder! I'm cotched! I thought you were fast asleep.

Char. You see, I'm not. What are you doing with ma's toilet?

Mich. Admiring of them—that's all.

Char. You seem to have great admiration for ma's *cologne*.

Mich. I thought it was a sample bottle of whisky, that my cousin Larry sint me from Ireland.

Char. Who's coat is that you have on, Michael?

Mich. It's mine sir.

Char. Yours!

Mich. Yes, sir, mine by right of inheritance.

Char. What! pa's new coat!

Mich. It will be mine, sir, bye-and-bye; and I was looking to see how it's going to fit me when I come in for the property.

Char. Is ma gone to the ball?

Mich. Yes, sir.

Char. I'm sure it's a great shame she don't let me go; I'm old enough now. Oh! I should so dearly like to see a ball. Did you ever see one, Michael?

Mich. Is it the likes of me? Faix, I don't know what it is.

Char. Oh! it's a delicious, enchanting, beautiful, perfect earthly paradise; with lights, and music, and dancing, and Cinderellas.

Enter SUSAN, gorgeously dressed.

Susan. Now, Michael, for the ball.

Char. What elegant lady is this? Have the fairy tales come back. Why, it's Susan; and I do declare, that's ma's elegant new dress, and

her favorite wreath of flowers. Oh! this is delightful! What's that you were saying about a ball, Susan?

Susan. [Confused.] Oh! nothing.

Char. Are you going to a ball, Susan?

Susan. How can I, when I have got to stay and watch you?

Char. Then why did you put on ma's new dress?

Susan. This is not hers, bless you! It's very like it.

Char. [Opening wardrobe.] Very like it, indeed. Where's the other?

Susan. Your mamma has got it on.

Char. Susan, look in my face, You know you are telling me terrible fibs. Shall I tell you the real truth of the matter? Ma's gone to the party at Mrs. Bleeker's; you and Michael thought I was safe to sleep all night, and so you thought you'd borrow pa and ma's dresses, and enjoy yourselves. I saw you using ma's hair-brushes and perfumery. Now just listen to me. Take me with you, and I won't say a word about it. Refuse, and I'll tell all.

Mich. So he would, I swear. But Master Charley, if your ma were to know, so particular as she is, that we took you to a ball in the Bowery. Selec' hop, 50 cents a ticket.

Charley. It would be worse if she knew that you took her dresses there.

Mich. Bedad, so it would. What do you say, Susan? We're in a divil of a scrape, so had better make the best of it. We need'nt stay long. Confound him.

Charley. [At toilet.] You see I'm getting ready, for you dare not refuse; you're in my power. I'm the Sorcerer mounted on a fiery Dragon. Come, Susan, fix me up nicely. Ha! ha! this is fine fun.

Susan. I can't, I can't, indeed. It goes against my conscience.

Charley. Oh! very well, then, I'll go to bed and sleep. It will be ma's birthday to-morrow, and I think it will be better for me to lie down and try to think of an amusing fairy tale, as a compliment to her. I know a very good beginning for it. Would you like to hear it, Michael? [Down, c.] Once upon a time, there was a lady and gentleman, left in charge of a young prince who, being a Fairy in disguise, could see and hear everything that went on, even when he was asleep. He could behold false keys opening drawers and wardrobes—and when all the household wondered what could have become of all the brandy—he saw where it went.

Mich. By the powers, and I b'leeve you are a witch, and no mistake. It's no use, Susan, we must suppress the publication of that fairy tale, anyway.

Charley. Come, I'm ready. Ma will know nothing about it, unless you tell her, and I don't think there's any fear of that.

Mich. If you're not a cute divil for your age, I'm a leprechaun. Come, there's no help for it.

Charley. Don't look cross, Susey. I'll be such a good boy, and will have such fun. I'll see a ball for the first time, and we'll all be back, you know, long before ma comes.

[As they are going off full of glee, SUSAN comes back.]

Susan. Have you the latch-key, Michael?

Mich. No! Where is it?

Susan. You'll find it on the mantle-piece.

Mich. Well, go along quietly. [*Exit SUSAN.*] I'll be after you in a minute. Was there ever such luck in the world for that devil's chick to wake up just at the wrong time. I don't see the key—confound it, it ain't here at all. It will never do to go out without it. Susan! they're off. This is a nice business—where the mischief can she have put it? I must run after her and find out. [*As he is going bell rings violently.*] Who the devil's this? [*Goes to window.*] As I'm an undone sinner, its the Missis come back! She'll miss the child, of course. What's to be done? I'll jump in myself. No, that won't do! Ah! the rag-baby. [*Puts doll in bed—takes off coat and pants, puts on dirty apron.*] Oh! lord! I feel as if I was on the gallows, with the rope round my neck.

Enter MRS. T. She throws herself in chair.

Mrs. T. Well, Michael, you see I am home much earlier than I expected.

Mich. So I see, mam. [*Aside.*] Bad luck to the chance that brought you.

Mrs. T. The fact is, I excused myself from remaining, from anxiety about little Charley. How is he?

Mich. Oh! he's illigant, mam. Never stirred one.

Mrs. T. Is his cough better?

Mich. As quiet as a lamb. You can hardly hear him breathe.

Mrs. T. The darling. I must give him one kiss.

Mich. You mustn't do that mam, it might wake him up, and that would be dangerous in his present state.

Mrs. T. But we must gently wake him, Michael, its the time, you know, to give him the medicine.

Mich. But I gave it to him, just before you came in.

Mrs. T. Oh! I'm glad of that. Let me see the phial. Did he take it all?

Mich. Ivery dhrop of it, mam, I'll answer for that.

Mrs. T. But I choose to be convinced myself.

Mich. [*Aside.*] Oh! Lord! its ivery inch here. Well, there's nothing for it but this. [*Drinks it, makes faces, &c.*] Here's the vial, mam.

Mrs. T. He's a good boy. What's the matter with you!

Mich. I'm so tinder hearted, mam, and I was pitying the poor little creature, that he had to swallow such nasty stuff.

Mrs. T. How do you know it's so nasty? Ring the bell.

Mich. There's no use in that, mam.

Mrs. T. What do you mean? What's the matter with you? If I didn't know your usual sobriety of character, I should really think you had been indulging. Why, what has become of my cologne? I'm sure I left more than this.

Mich. [*Aside.*] Here goes. Better be thought a little drunk, maybe it may help. [*Aloud.*] Fact is, mam, I'm the victim of a chemical experiment.

Mrs. T. What do you mean? Why, you can hardly stand—you are intoxicated.

Mich. No, mam, not intoxicated—accidently conglomerated; I don't know but that I'm intirely pizoned. A little bit ago I was attacked wid a mortual drought, an' their bein' no water near but your cologne water, an' as I thought water was water, and wouldn't be misbehaving itself, especially in a lady's apartment, by pertending to be what it was not—well, mam, I thought I'd put a thrifle of it on my tongue, that was as furry as a cat's back, an' before I knowed the strength of the deludin' liquid, it supped down my throat, an' I'm afraid it's got a thrifle the better of me. I ax pardon, mam, for my mistake; but if it wasn't as like natural-born whisky, wid a squeeze of summer flowers in it, I'm not alive this minnit.

Mrs. T. I'm very angry with you, Michael, and it serves you right. Go to bed, sir, at once; I'll speak to you further about it in the morning. Why don't you ring the bell?

Mich. Yes, mam. [*Aside.*] Murdher, if I could only have the wire stuck in Susan's ear, wouldn't I give it a lug. [*Rings.*]

Mrs. T. Why don't you obey me, sir, and go?

Mich. My heart's heavy within me, mam, to think that I've offended you, and indeed I can't lave the room until you say you'll forgive me this once.

Mrs. T. Well, perhaps I may look over it, in consideration of the care you have taken of little Charley. Ring the bell again. Where can Susan be?

Mich. I think, mam, that— [*Aside.*] The saints be praised, here she is!

Enter SUSAN, L. 1 F.

Susan. Why don't you—

[*Sees MIKE telegraphing—flings off bonnet and shawl.*]

Mrs. T. Oh! there you are, Susan. What a time you have been!

Susan. [*Crosses c.*] Beg pardon, mam, I was trying on a dress I was making for myself.

Mrs. T. Very well. Is Michael gone to bed?

Mich. I'm going now, mam. I respectfully bid you good night, mam, and may all happiness light up your birthday, to-morrow.

Mrs. T. Thank you, Michael. You had better sleep off the effects of your experiment.

Susan. He's gone, ma'am. [*MICHAEL slips into wardrobe.*]

Mrs. T. Give me my wrapper, and put up my back hair.

Susan. Yes, ma'am. I'll get the wrapper. [*Goes to wardrobe.*]

Mich. [*To Susan.*] Where's the child?

Susan. He's gone with Cousin William to the ball.

Mich. For gracious sake, keep her in talk until I run for him, its not far. [*Exit MIKE, L.*]

Mrs. T. Don't be so long, Susan.

Susan. Coming, mam.

Mrs. T. [*Sees sleeve of SUSAN's dress.*] Why you have a silk dress on. What is the meaning of that, Susan?

Susan. Its the one I've been trying on, mam. I haven't had time to change it.

Mrs. T. Its the same pattern as my new one, ain't it?

Susan. Oh! dear! no, ma'am! Your head a little this way, please, mam. Very like it, ma'am—I wouldn't presume to wear the same as yours. I really shan't be able to do up your hair, ma'am, if you don't please keep your head still.

Mrs. T. Oh! you are a perfect tyrant, Susan. You know I can't do without you. Why! my! Who has been upsetting all my toilet things?

Susan. I really don't know, ma'am. I suppose it was Master Charley—he's full of harmless mischief, ma'am.

MICHAEL *re-enters.*

Mrs. T. The dear little soul; how nice and quiet he is. That medicine must have done him a great deal of good. Come, be quick, Susan. I must kiss him before I go to bed.

Susan. [*Seeing MICHAEL, who is telegraphing in alarm.*] Hadn't I better get you the book you were reading, ma'am? You know you like me to be a long time combing your hair.

Mrs. T. Very well.

Susan. [*To MICHAEL.*] What's the matter?

Mich. Your cousin, the fireman, is a brute, and a fool. He says you tould him not to give up the boy to anybody but yourself, an' he threatened to lam me out of my boots, if I did'n't start my machine! Confound him, he's singing nigger songs to him an' teaching him to eat doughnuts an' dhrink whiskey punch!

Mrs. T. Do make haste, Susan.

Susan. I'm looking for the book, ma'am. Oh, here it is.

Mich. What's to be done?

Susan. There's nothing for it but I must go myself. Here's the book, ma'am. Oh, what a toothache I have? Every time I open my mouth I'm in agony!

Mrs. T. Its very easy to remedy that—don't open it.

Susan. Oh! I'll take your advice, ma'am!

[*Offers comb to MICHAEL, who puts on shawl and cap.*]

Mich. Get out I would'nt touch it for the world.

Susan. I'll put it up, ma'am, and sit down if you please, and see if the pain will go away.

Mrs. T. Very well, Susan. [*Exit SUSAN, hurriedly. MICHAEL groans.*] Poor girl, what pain she's in? Dear me—I'm so sleepy—I think I'll retire. Good night, Susan. [*MICHAEL groans.*] Poor girl—poor girl. Hadn't you better put a little cologne in your mouth—it might give you relief. [*MICHAEL groans.*] Dear, dear—I pity you, Susan, indeed I do. [*MICHAEL is sitting on a low stool, with his head in his hands, so that there is nothing seen but the shawl and cap.*] I must kiss my precious one before I go to bed! [*As she nears the alcove, MICHAEL groans awfully.*] Gracious! What frightful agony you must suffer. My poor girl, I wish I could relieve your pain.

[*Exit through door, 1 E. R.*]

Mich. [*Jumping up.*] Thank heaven she's gone to bed! Oh Lord! What a night of torture to be sure! Ha, I hear Susan coming up—that's a comfort anyway.

Enter SUSAN, in terror.

Susan. Oh Michael!

Mich. What's the matter?

Susan. The ball is over, the place looked up, and little Charley not to be found anywhere.

Mich. [*Alarmed.*] Oh! milled murder! We're ruined!

[*SUSAN greatly alarmed.*]

Mrs. T. [*Within.*] What noise is that?

[*MICHAEL rushes into wardrobe. SUSAN sits on stool, head in hands, and moans.*]

Enter MRS. T.

Mrs. T. Surely, I heard some one speaking? No, it could not be. There is that poor girl still suffering. Are you no better, Susan?

Susan. Worse, ma'am, worse, a great deal.

Mrs. T. You must only be patient, Susan.

[*Goes to alcove, MICHAEL and SUSAN watching.*]

Mich. Now it's all over with us.

Mrs. T. My darling is sleeping soundly. How cold he is! Susan, put some warm clothing on the bed, before you retire. [*Exit R. 1 E.*]

Mich. and Susan. What's that?

Susan. Has he come back, unknown to us?

Mich. [*Rushes up to alcove, and seizes doll.*] Look at the confounded counterfeit. However, let us thank it for saving us this time. What's to be done, Susan?

Susan. Oh! don't ask me!

Mich. There's nothing for it but to cut and run! Stop! let us tell the missis, in a few lines, the reasons. Where's a pen and ink? [*Sits and writes.*] "*Esteemed Missis—We dip our pen in our tears, to tell you that we have quit your service suddenly, and the reason is, that the precious trust confided to us we allowed to get lost. We leave the balance of our wages to pay for advertising. Your unhappy servants, MIKE and SUSAN.*" There! We'll leave that where she'll see it in the morning—get our little duds together, and start. Come along! [*LITTLE CHARLEY heard singing outside, L.*] Ha! What's that! Ain't that his voice? Run down and see. [*SUSAN Exits, L.*] Oh! if it should only be the little divil. Phew! this is a jolly night, and no mistake!

[*Enter SUSAN, with CHARLEY, with fireman's hat on, and BILLY BUNKER.*]

Billy. Oh! get out! Where's the use of your gassin'?

Charley. Yes, where's the use in your gassin'. I told him ma wouldn't be home for ever so long.

Mich. Hush! kape quiet you limb of mischief; your ma is in; a pretty mess you've made of it.

Charley. Well, never mind. I've seen a ball and though its not exactly like the Cinderella one, we had lots of fun, hadn't we?

Billy. You'd better believe it; he's one of the boys, he is; if he don't make a gay boy you may take my hat!

Mich. Hush! don't talk so loud. It's all right now. Go away, you Mr. Fireman!

Billy. Now, look a here! you just leave off coughing around, or I'll maybe warm your jaw. [Squares off, &c.]

Susan. [Crosses c.] Oh, don't, cousin, for my sake now do go—there's a good fellow!

Billy. In course I'll go. I ain't going to behave ungentlemanly, it's not our way. We 2.40 boys knows how to conduct ourselves—that's so!

Charley. [Crosses to MICHAEL.] I know what you are Michael—you're a bird.

Billy. Ain't he some? I tell you, he's grit, he is!

Susan. Oh do go to bed, master Charley. If your ma should hear you, we'd all be ruined.

Charley. But she won't, she's asleep long ago. Besides I've got a nice piece of poetry to recite to her to-morrow.

Mich. Oh you have. What may it be?

Charley.

"In de slumbers of midnight de sailor boy lay."

And I've heard such nice songs and had such jolly fun. Hi! hi! hi!

Susan. Good gracious don't make such a noise! We've suffered enough on your account this blessed day.

Charley. You just shut up and simmer down!

Billy. De Lor! now ain't he sweet; now look here, didn't we have a nasty old time. Say?

Charley. You'd better believe it. Oh! the fun—the music and that beautiful dance?

Billy. What, de break down in real old Virginny style, this here way! [CHARLEY dances with BILLY]

Mrs. T. [Within.] What frightful noise is that, Susan?

Mich. Murdher an' Irish! here she comes! Jump into bed, or we're ruined intirely!

Susan. Come, Billy, it's the mistress, for my sake don't be seen here.

Billy. What, the bossess? Nuff ced! Give us your fist, young 'un, and I'll mosey! [Shakes hands and Exit.]

Mich. Oh! go to bed, Master Charley.

Char. I won't, I tell you!

Mich. Here she comes! this is our only chance! [Pushes CHARLEY into wardrobe and gets in himself.] Bad luck attend me, if I don't smother him if he offers to open his mouth.

Enter MRS. T.

Mrs. T. What's the matter, Susan? Who has been here?

Susan. Nobody—nothing at all, ma'am; I was walking in my sleep.

Mrs. T. And talking also?

Susan. Yes, if you please, ma'am, I often do.

Mrs. T. Did you put on my dress in your sleep, too?

Susan. Why, I declare, so I did! It's no knowing what people does in that state, ma'am—its so like my own.

Mrs. T. [*Going to alcove.*] My child not here! Where is he? *Susan,* what is the meaning of this?

Susan. Oh! I don't know, ma'am. I'm bewildered! Perhaps he's walking in his sleep, too!

Mrs. T. There's something extraordinary in all this! Are you awake now?

Susan. Indeed, ma'am, I hardly know! I believe not.

Charley. [*From wardrobe.*]

“In de slumbers of midnight, de sailor boy lay.”

Mrs. T. Why, that's Charley's voice! Where is he?

[*Scuffle inside wardrobe—MIKE and CHARLEY rush out covered with clothes—he dances around—MIKE throws himself into chair. SUSAN gets R.*]

Mrs. T. Has everybody gone mad, or is the whole house sleep-walking? Explain this! What person is this?

Mich. I believe it's me, ma'am, but I really couldn't swear to it, Hush! I have it. [*To SUSAN.*] Back me up! [*Aloud.*] Oh, mam, if you please, you've spoilt all.

Mrs. T. What do you mean? What are you talking about?

Mich. The surprise we intended to give you. You forget, ma'am, that this is your birthday.

Char. In de slumbers of midnight—

Mich. Do you hear the creature how well he remembers it; some lines, mam, I taught him to repate to you the first thing this morning. It goes this way, ma'am:

“In de slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
And this is my dear mamma's elegant birth-day.”

Mrs. T. And have you really got up thus early to greet me?

Susan. Oh, yes, mam, and see how nicely we've dressed Master Charley.

Charley. Oh, would'nt I like some more whisky punch?

Mrs. T. What's that!

Mich. Dreamin' the darling is, that's all, mam.

Mrs. T. I cannot be angry at what was meant so well but you must not be so imprudent. Charley is not well enough to be out of bed at so unseasonable a time.

Mich. It was only the creature's love for you, mam, got the better of his sickness altogether.

Mrs. T. [*Taking up letter.*] What's the meaning of this? The precious trust confided to us lost. What is lost?

Mich. [*Aside.*] Oh, that murdherin' letter. [*Sees Parrot, he stuffs it*]

into his pocket.] Oh, yis, mam, wid tears in my eyes, I have to confess that its gone, the darliu's gone—your pet. [*Aside.*] Bad luck to him he's pitchin' into my flesh like a cannibal.

Mrs. T. What can it be? What's the matter with you?

Mich. Oh! it's the agony of my remorse, mam! the bird, mam—the beautiful bird's gone. [*Aside.*] Oh! I wish he was! He's at me beak and claws! if I could only smother the villain!

Mrs. T. I am indeed sorry for that, I wouldn't have lost that pet for ten dollars.

Mich. How much, mam?

Mrs. T. I would cheerfully pay ten dollars for its recovery.

Mich. Bedad, an' there's luck. Did you see him? Oh murder, if he hasn't flew up the chimney, I'm not alive! Don't be afeard, I'll catch him or die in the attempt. [*Goes up chimney.*]

Mrs. T. Pray don't you'll hurt yourself, Michael, it does'nt matter. [*CHARLEY dances a bit of breakdown.*] What singular dance is that?

Susan. An Irish jig, ma'am, Mickey was teaching him. Another surprise ma'am, that's all.

Mich. [*Comes down chimney, face black, with poll.*] You needn't cry out, you schemer! I've got you by the tail feathers! Here you are, ma'am, all safe and sound, only a little bit ruffled!

Mrs. T. I'm very much obliged to you, indeed, for taking so much trouble, and in consideration of the kindly intention will overlook the imprudence of suffering Charley to be out of bed so early.

Char. Oh! but, ma! I've had such a delightful night!

Mich. Bless his little heart! slept like a door-mat, didn't he, Susey?

Susan. Oh! beautiful!

Char. Why, what a fib! I didn't sleep at all, because—

Mich. You were thryin to recollect the illigant poetry. Repate it for ma, now there's a dear.

Char. In de slumbers—

Mrs. T. Not now. You had better lie down, darling. I'll hear it at breakfast, and give you a nice present for being so mindful of the occasion.

Mich. There! And maybe, long life to you, ma'am, you'll be afther remimbering that small thrife for the bird.

Mrs. T. I won't forget that.

Susan. And if you'll only forgive me, ma'am, for walking in my sleep, and, in the confusion of the moment, putting on the wroug dress—

Mrs. T. You must promise me that it won't occur again; such mistakes are dangerous.

Mich. Bedad, you may say that, mam; and I hope she'll remember your goodness, as I'm sure I will, to my dying day. Faith, I can't help it, for that vagabond fowl has bit a beefsteak out of my leg; I feel the vital fluid running into my stockings at this blessed minnit. Susan.

Susan. Here am I.

Mich. Be jabbers, but we're on the safe side this time; but oh! my wig and slippers, if she ever finds out.

Susan. How is she to find it out, unless you let it out during one of your injudicious chemical experiments.

Mich. Faix and you need not be afraid of that, but you forget that a great many good folks have been watching us all night. Hadn't we better try and make friends with them. May be, ladies and gentlemen, it wouldn't be too much to ask you to overlook our little eccentricities; and, if anybody should inquire into the way we passed the night, just strain a point, and tell them that you have no objection to the style in which we

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